

TRAITS

o w

HUMAN WOE.

~~~~~  
By a *SPECTATOR*.  
~~~~~

“ Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,
“ Whom pleasure, power, and affluence fur-
round ;
“ Ah ! little think they while they dance along,
“ How many feel, this very moment, death,
“ And all the sad variety of pain.—
—— “ How many drink the cup
“ Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
“ Of misery.”——

THOMSON.

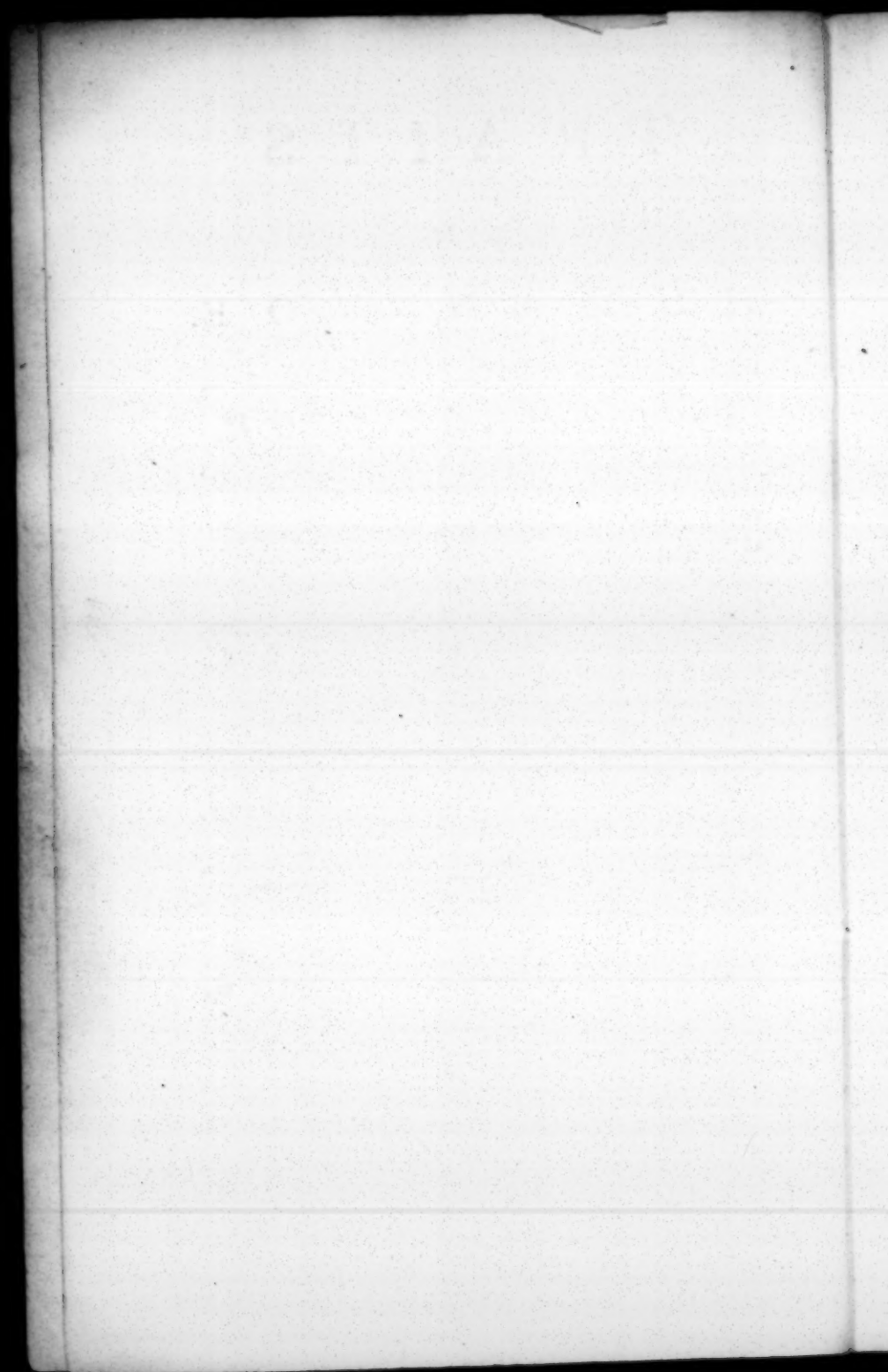
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T O
Shuckburgh Astby, Esq;
Of Quenby-Hall.

S I R,

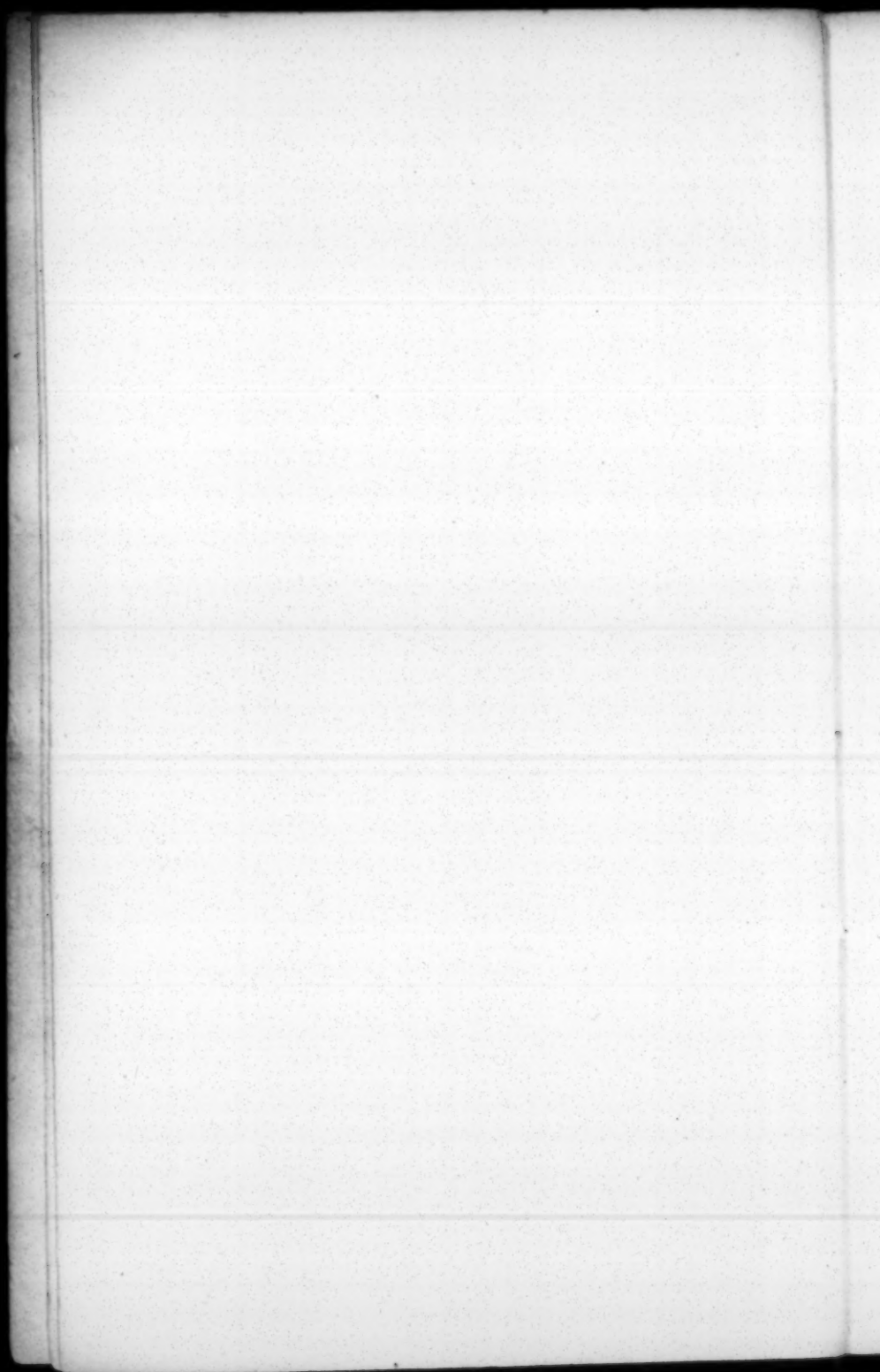
EVERY Admirer of humanity must allow that I have, with propriety, dedicated *Traits on Human Woe* to one, who has a Mind *rich*, beyond the power of pecuniary worth: A monument which was raised here, by them who pitied the woes of human nature, will show to ages, when transient splendor fades, how much YOU deserved the respect of Men.

I am Sir,

With due deference,

The AUTHOR.

Leicester, April 20, 1780.

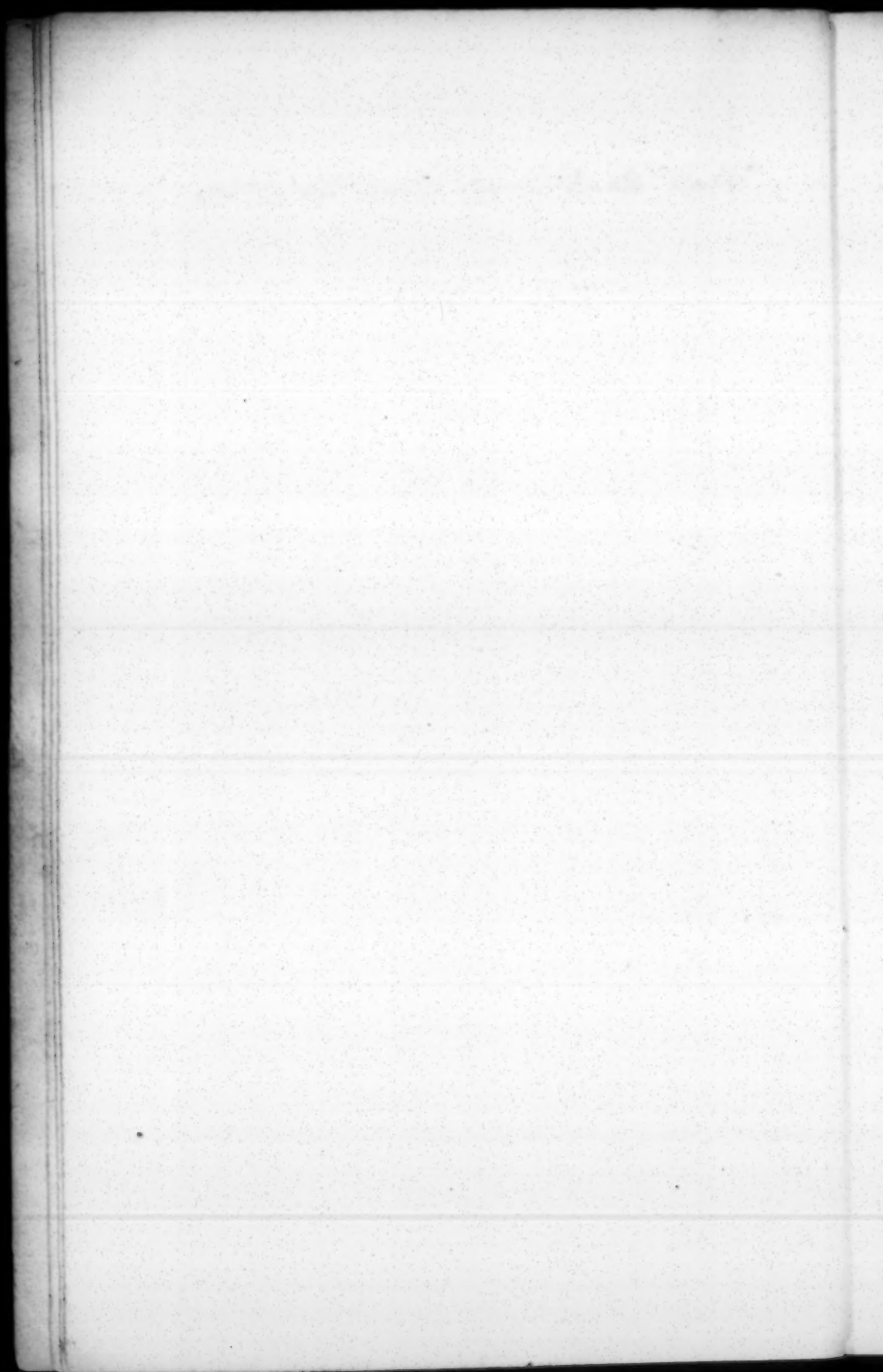




TO THE
READER.

IT is presumed that the Candid Critic will judge with tenderness of a production, published for Nobler Views than that of Learned Fame.







TRAITS, &c.

MA N, the most wonderful being in the universe, is subject to more evils than the creatures which obey his will. His mechanism exposes him, alike with them, to animal sufferings ; but his mind is subject to poignant stings, strangers to their more imperfect nature. Death comes in a thousand shapes a terror to his soul, the near approach of which the *brute* has no conception. He strives to evade by art, the misery that awaits his fleeting hours ; but the animal

mal at the hour of death is insensible of danger. Therefore, a pitying Spectator on the *ways* of Death, prepared for eternity, beholds the sorrowing with compassion. He shuns not the miserable objects of his nature that surround him, but pities their complaints, and alleviates their distresses. Such an one will always find objects on whom to exercise the dictates of his benevolent heart : for in this life, trouble, affliction, and misfortune await, in sorrowful variety, the succession of every hour ; and DEATH, the inseparable lot of animated nature, arrests alike, by a multiplicity of causes, the young, the vigorous, and the aged.

THE

THE womb is no sooner closed on some of its little dwellers, than death silences the forrowing indications of their birth. Others drop at the endearing age of childhood, and fade, as it were, while blooming. Some, ripened by the cares of parental love, and just fitted for an intercourse with the world, are snatched from the fostered purpose. In the midst of the laudable pursuits of industry and enterprise, in the strength of life, affliction forces others into the arms of death, big with mighty projects.—All must die.—But see the aged, how calmly, how silently they sink to rest, falling beneath the scythe of Time, like the yellow harvest under the sickle's power.—

B

'Tis

'Tis not so with all.—Behold that infant in its mother's arms, fevered by the anguish of its imprisoned teeth breaking from their cells. Pain baffles the fond parent's efforts to appease its cries.—The breast affords no rest; it refuses to be comforted; it struggles with the power of death, and, in strong convulsions, pants, and dies.

DISTRESSING as must be such a scene to a compassionate beholder, yet *here* is one beyond the power of description.—Is that the lovely Boy, who was, a few days since, the delight of this weeping circle, the cherubed picture of stability? alas! how miserable now, not

a trace of beauty to behold ; the sweet symmetry of his face is hidden by an horrid distemper ; his once delightful features are now lost amid' an ill shapened mass of swelled matter, which emits a nauseous fume. If this were *Job's* complaint, well might he exclaim in the language of the most sorrowful lamentation ; well might he covet death to cease from torment. Well might he say, “ O that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing that I long for !—Even that it would please God to destroy me ; that he would let loose his hand and cut me off.” But thou, afflicted tenderling, art not capable of complaint : thy tongue, which once charmed

charmed with its endearing prattle, is now parched and stiffened, and thy mouth admits *only* a feather to give thee ineffectual succour.—What a pitiable scene is this.—Methinks I hear a religious friend whispering this soothing admonition to the sorrowing parent. ‘Unhappy mother, could I bring comfort to thy troubled bosom, how pleasurable would be the office. Suffer me to attempt to appease thy grief : I will offer no unkindness to thy love : I wish to cherish the amiable sensation in prospects *beyond the grave* ; for alas ! no human efforts, I apprehend, can prevent a separation from your child : he is hastening to rest, from his affliction, in the arms of his saving God—but

alas !

alas! words are ineffectual—*She* sinks with grief—and her blossom is no more.

DEATH, what havoc dost thou make. Why does thy cruel arm torture when destroying mortals? In the last moments of our existence thou hast no compassion; for even the ties of nature, love, and friendship, are no barriers to thy power.—But lo,—what melancholy sight is this?—a youth borne by a weeping multitude? dead! alas, 'tis even so. Pristhee friend, what means this distressing sight, for thou seemest sensibly affected as thou passest with the croud of mourners?—Alas, Sir, 'tis Dr. Ryall's son, drowned in yonders stream, attempting
to

to save his beloved companion, who was bathing—the unfortunate youths perished together, clasped in each other's arms.—

Ah me ! what *Jemmy Ryall* dead ? that lovely youth—the pride of *Richel*.—Was every effort used, that humanity has devised to save the amiable youth from death ? Did the practice of the Humane Society fail, that noble and honourable institution which so splendidly adorns the present age ?—yes—In vain were every friendly and applicable assistance given.—

He is gone for ever—never to return to the fond embraces of parental love. For this, sweet youth, wast thou so carefully trained in a virtuous and gentle education, and accomplished in all the arts of pleasing ?

Oh

Oh grim tormentor, when will thy conquering arm be enfeebled by slaughter ? or when wilt thou show pity to the human race ? Behold, this once, *one* sad scene in pity to man's woes. See his unhappy parents, the miserable objects of thy power, the comfortless pair of woe, bewailing, in broken accents, their hapless fate : an only child—snatched from their affection in a fleeting moment—before, the fond hope of all their care, and now, a breathless corpse. In vain, hereafter, shall nature send forth her fragrant and gay splendour, her enchanting scenes can have no power on the pitiable, parental mourners ; for even her beautiful variegated tints will but seem to mock their sorrows. They live, perhaps,

haps, but to mourn a few sad months, and die of—Grief.

BUT even deaths like these, compared with those that succeed the wretched crimes of vice, are light in the scale of judgment. Oh Virtue, thou brilliant ornament to either sex, how splendidly dost thou adorn the female possessor ; in Woman its charms invigorate, whilst its bright example sends bliss to after ages.

WHEN the latent schemes of lust are discovered, and repelled, by female virtue and penetration, how can we admire the lovely conquerors too much ? In this deviating age from conjugal fidelity, I am persuaded, there are many of
the

the tender sex that would spurn at the tyrant efforts of lawless love : who would extinguish the kindling flame of that dangerous fire, with an abhorrent indignation. But the wandering man of lust is the private enemy to peace.—The servant of his neighbour, the child of his friend, or the wife of his nearest relative, are no barriers to his destructive passion. His lascivious appetite sheds sorrow, affliction, misery, and death, within the circle of his fascinating power.

BEHOLD that wan countenance,
 seated upon the cold turf, giving sus-
 tenance, from her breast, to that little
 heir to sorrow. But a few months have
 C elaps'd

elapsed since *she* was the ruddy, the active maiden of yon' dwelling. The cheerful warblers gave vigour to her industry, and her hours of servitude were passed in sweet contentment. Pleasing were the fleeting moments, when the artless tales of Colin enlivened the long evening of a winter's night : no cares disturbed, no wants were known. But now alas, the social hours, the happy days are o'er : nought but wretchedness is the stern sentence, for one indiscretion, upon the repenting mournful parent, and unoffending babe. What, shall the poor babe suffer misery for its parent's crimes? —Yes—Too commonly, in that case, doth the harmless infant bear the world's reproach,

reproach, and its bitterest stings : and perhaps this sprightly child (behold that endearing smile) may be portioned, during its existence, a *foety* alien to our nature.

C O M E hither, thou cruel father, who hast been the tyrant cause of this sad woe. Look upon this young mother, whose grief for an unguarded moment, when beset with thy beguiling subtilty, hath brought her to this state of misery. If thy bosom be not a stranger to the tender feelings of compassion ; if the pitying tear ever stole from thy cheek ; if thou art human, thy breast must commiserate, and thy hand relieve.—But in vain shall

we

we expect the amiable sensation of pity where virtue hath no dwelling : the unhappy sufferer, alas ! too late, experiences the reverse of love.

THE offender's father is the village justice ; in him the law of equity is dormant : for lo ! the tyburn vehicle approaches, by his order, to convey her to the receptacle of parish wretchedness—
“To bear the oppressor's wrongs, the
“proud man's contumely, the pangs of
“despised love.”

IF we turn our eyes from this affecting scene, it doth but present us with another more pitiable. The effects of this
baneful

baneful vice are every where visible to minds, replete with virtue, and compassion.

THAT sable hearse conveys the remains of a fond father to their dark abode.—Hark—the solemn knell—’Tis but six short days since the partner of his misery, and once alas! the happy partner of conjugal felicity was laid in the cold grave, where now his body is destined. Death hath triumphed over their extreme sufferings.

DURING the childhood of an only daughter, they were blest with her dutiful obedience; nor did her maturer years indicate

indicate the reverse of a parent's fond, endearing hope of future bliss. But how often are the towering expectations of human foresight laid low in trouble? Miserable prognosticators are we all.

T H I S child of sorrow was nurtured with the tenderest care. Before her was a maternal mirror of virtue, whose charms were not eclipsed by the black clouds of nuptial dissention. Enough of the essential comforts of this life were bestow'd, by providence, upon her parents, that placed her far beyond the reach of indigence.—But what of that?—Can riches protect against the base destroyer's power? No. They have no efficacy against guile
and

and subtilty. Treachery flings like an adder's poison, and pain, misery, and DEATH, are too frequently the horrid subsequents.

A base villain, armed with the wiles of deep seduction, levelled his injurious shaft at the young unsuspecting female's heart, at an age when flattery is liable to pass for genuine love. The dangerous flame was soon kindled. The pretended lover fann'd it with complaisance, dress, and vows of rectitude, till a fatal moment robb'd her of her *virtue*, and her *peace*.

To this succeeded the usual effects,
and

and the rash fair one, to conceal the shame, became the murderer of her own offspring.—Listen, ye young virgins—stern justice demands the murderer's life.—In vain did she cry for mercy.—In vain did her parents prayer, tears, death-like presence, with hearts bursting in grief, plead, to evade the law's solemn decree. *She* died a death of shame; her comfortless parents a death of sorrow, and the dark injurer is left to the stings of agonizing guilt, to pierce his conscience with remorse.

LET these awful lessons, ye virtuous daughters of the tender sex, be effectual warnings against the incontinent destroyer ;

er ; and chastity shall enrich you with the blessing of a mind at peace.

A L S O for ye females, who have dared, in the presence of Almighty God, to take the solemn matrimonial vow of CHASTITY, I have a story, replete with human misery.

I N a genteel town lived the parents of Miranda.—She received a fashionable education at a boarding school, a few miles from thence. When unfettered from the servile restraints of a governess, her exterior charms, which were adorn'd with all the pleasing graces of nature, aided by dress, shone with the most cap-

D
tivating

tivating lustre. She was the envy of one sex, and the idol of the other. The dangerous stream of praise and flattery bedewed the seeds of self-love, arising in her mind; which sprang up to self-pride,—the bane of woman—the cherisher of contempt; the haughty, the imperious substitute for wisdom.

I N the height of this transient scene, Miranda's parents paid the debt of nature, who left her in possession of an ample fortune, and at full liberty to bestow herself, and it, upon whom her own young judgment should dictate.—Pardon me a caution ye rising fair ones.

B E -

BEWARE of flattery. Depend not upon the soothing of a professional, nor the vows of a rash lover ; but rather take the cool admonitions of an experienced parent, guardian, or friend, in conducting the slippery moments of unexperienced youth.

SHE was now surrounded by bending suppliants ; some exploring by soft persuasion the unguarded heart. Others, assisted by the alluring strains of lively fancy, enfeebled the powers of resolution. At length a youth of Mars, glowing with fervour for the animating object, caught the hovering hand ; and lead the multipotent charmer to God's sacred

sacred Altar, to vow chastity, and obedience, till death should separate.

THE young soldier being now in possession of beauty, competence, and love, indulg'd himself with the pleasing thought of progressive happiness. For a few successive years, the fond pair drank deep of pleasure's stream ; in which period they were blest with two lovely infants, miniatures of themselves ; but on a sudden, the stream of gloomy wretchedness gathered, and hung pendant, and poured its blackest evils upon their heads.

IN the same corps with Mr. Monson was an officer in whom he had placed an unlimited

unlimited confidence; and, indeed, their friendships, and their interests, seemed unalterably reciprocal. But an unreserved admittance into Mr. Monson's family, and the splendid charms of his lady, begat the horrid thought of betraying the most sacred friendship.

O! could I here stop the dreadful story—but 'tis impossible—when the fair are to profit by the sad catastrophe.

BUT to be brief. The deceiver aided by an eloquent tongue, and what the world calls personal accomplishments, dealt flattery with such a potent charm, that chastity grew light in the ponderate scale :

scale : and when time, and opportunity, assisted the horrid purpose, the destroyer, seized the moment, and lead the lost Miranda a victim to dishonour.—The deadly poison was repeatedly administered. Miranda became indifferent of shame, and cold to the endearment of her fond husband.—*He* wondered at the change.—In his breast suspicion generated.—He brooded the venom of jealousy, vowing revenge, in secret, antecedent to the certainty of their criminality. At last the demon of revenge formed the black purpose. On a certain day he pretended absence from his family, the better to secrete himself at home.

H E

HE lay concealed with the arms of destruction. The seducer came, and lead undone Miranda to her husband's bed.— They passed the unsuspected hiding place —She yielded—She fell.—Now revenge grew furious.—Rage summoned the powers of death.—The uplifted arm pierced the enamured criminals—again and again the wreeking poniard plung'd at life, till tired with the bloody deed, the murderer paus'd in solemn silence. — — — Now the potent arm is stretched,—prepared for self-destruction. A while he stands immoveable, in turns, armed by the awful spectres of his vengeance, and unarmed by infant affection.--At last he points the

extended

extended dagger to his breast,—and falls
—a rash, but pitiable sacrifice to injury.

P A U S E, ye stricken fair ones. Suffer the commiserating tear to fall from the watery eye.—Who can turn from this shocking scene of woe without one sigh of pity ? behold a wife, in the arms of seduction, at once detected, and destroyed with her seducer : and alas' her husband the destroyer, alike, the victim of death's power.

L E T us profitably veil this spectacle of horror, with a lesson of instruction.

C O M E ye irresolute fair ones, and
learn

learn wisdom from the errors of your sex. Repel the least attack upon your virtue with indignation. Show lust the charms of innocence, in the first stage of ripening years, and time, and circumspection will place dishonour in a glaring light. Copy from the glorious elucidator, the virtuous *Amelia*, who, when pressed, in the lonely hour of midnight darkness, by her lover, on whom she doated, to grant the last favour, had the heroic courage to repel the invader's power, with contempt for life.

“Leave me but my virtue (says the
 “struggling fair one) and my life I will
 “willingly resign to treachery : for while
 “you continue the base purpose, my un-
 “equal strength shall cease to oppose,
 “but with my life.” Thus virtue tri-

E

umphed

unphed over vice; Amelia conquered;
“and her price is far above rubies.”

HIGH, in estimation, are the AMELIAS of this age, who have escaped the multifarious snares of entrapping man. Their VIRTUES rise in the happiest order, the DISTINGUISHED, the AMIABLE PICTURE OF HUMAN GREATNESS! —

WHO can read of the repeated instances of female chastity, ennobled sometimes by blood, and be dead to the animating narratives?

TURN over the pages of ancient story, in the most unenlightened ages of the world,

world, and you will find examples of the tender sex, who, like Amelia, set a much higher value upon their virtue, than their lives. Nor have succeeding ages been less conspicuous in this particular.

THEREFORE, ye blooming charmers of the present time, be attentive to the loud, the amiable call of Virtue; and suffer not the foul demon of an abhorrent vice to triumph over your honour, fame, and peace. Show succeeding generations a fair copy for imitation: so shall your transcendant images pass inspiring, to remote times, enriched with the brightest gems. The little aspirers, to whom you must soon give place, shall be allured to tread

tread the high eminence of your tried virtues.—Pity the little tenderlings of your sex, and your examples shall superintend their rising years.

AND ye grave matrons, who have past the medium of man's life. hold up to your offspring the unerring LAW of GOD, adorn'd with the graces of religion's charms. Show it as a most beautiful landscape, on which is delineated the certain road to happiness, where will be found pleasures, not like their perishable beauties, but of a never dying nature.

AMID' the vices, that are big with evils of a domestic nature, seduction
claims

claims a foremost rank ; but there are others of a seemingly inferior order which war no less against the peace of families.

EXTRAVAGANCE, thou parent of want, how often do thy votaries fall from the tottering pinnacle of inexperience with plenty ? Giddy with the tinsel-glare of profusion, the thoughtless Youth embraces the temptations of the present moment, regardless of the future, till strength and vigour, and a train of other woes scarcely to be enumerated, is succeeded by infirmities, and plenty by penury. Parents, who by years of care and industry, have flattered themselves with the pleasing prospect of felicity

ty in the enjoyment of their possessions, have been reduced, by an extravagant offspring, to a scanty pittance on the will of friendship. Too late, when bewildered in a labyrinth of trouble, we are sometimes fatally roused by the horror that surrounds us, and like the thief at large, who every moment is expecting justice to overtake him, we fetter our minds with apprehensions of the most dreadful nature. We then look back, as it were, to heighten the picture of distress, and review those transient scenes which once flattered, but now rack the mind with horror. But to profit by the fall of others, we must not only contemplate, but behold Man replete with intemperance and pleasure, hastening
into

into ruin, and in his last stage of wretchedness. For this purpose, gentle Reader, attend me into *that prison* where you shall behold an object, once a giddy prodigal, but now a pitiable penitent, in extreme misery, languishing under a complication of evils lightened by the pangs of death.

THAT groupe of men my friend, are debtors, forced from their connections by variety of causes: misfortunes, large and expensive families, decay of trade, and, perhaps, *extravagance* may have occasioned some of them to suffer the loss of liberty. But we must approach a place where greater rigour is enforced, to behold the
object

object of our enquiry. He alas ! is cast from society into that subterraneous dungeon as the out-cast of men ; unregarded but by the few who knew him when his character stood fair with men, before his mind became viciated with excess.—You seem to start, kind Sir, at the clink of fetters ; it is only the unhappy prisoner rising from his bed of rushes to embrace me—he knows my footsteps—I am not an unusual visitor in this gloomy dwelling.—He was once my friend and companion, and now his sorrows rack my soul—excuse the effusions of friendly pity—he is doomed to an ignominious death,—to be suspended—a spectacle to a thoughtless multitude :—But let me not
unman

unman the sufferer by tears.—Well Mr. *Missin* you find I am once more a visitor in these dreary mansions, and I am pleased to see you so composed under the pressure of your afflictions.—

“You are ever kind Sir—I can only thank you—I *am* unhappy, but not in the last stage of misery ; nor shall I ever be, till I have lost *your* friendship. For friendship Sir, under misfortune, affects us like a precious gem when first discovered ; nay more, it exalts the mind *above* the reach of suffering ; it claims the foremost rank among the social duties ; it exonerates the weary sinner ; it calms his troubled breast, and gives a glorious foretaste of those pleasures which the penitent

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is

is promised in another life.”—You please me much Mr. Miffin; but I should inform you, from motives of delicacy, that this gentleman who attends me is not led hither by an idle curiosity—you know my disposition too well to suppose that I would sport with your sorrows—I am a Spectator of scenes of *human woe*—purposely to caution others that they may avoid the road that leads to misery. For this cause my companion here, who has been reading *Traits on Human Woe*, has accompanied me within these hardy walls, to see one, whose life is a profitable lesson for youth. “As I cannot, good Sir, possess an unfavourable thought of you, and as I am solicitous to render all the service I

can

can to posterity before I die, I have written a short history of my life, which I put into your hands to publish for the benefit of mankind; well knowing that it will neither suffer from addition or mutilation in your possession."— — This, Sir, is another commendable proof how well you have deserved my esteem, I will make a proper use of your good intentions, and will take my leave of you for the present, to give this young gentleman an opportunity of reading a life, which I am confident will be no disagreeable employment to him, who, in times like the present, can be amused with relations which lead to resignation, retirement, and peace, in preference to the
gay

gay scenes of dissipation, the din of war, and the violence of party rage,—farewell.

A brief account of the Convicts life,
written by himself.

Cell, March 20th. 1780.

I Barnwell Miffin, the subject of this narrative, was born in the year of Christ, 1749, of parents in easy circumstances, and of virtuous inclinations, who studiously endeavoured to bring me up in those paths which lead to true honour. I was articled, at a proper age, to a lawyer of eminence in his profession, under whose care I made rather an unusual progress; insomuch that my Master has repeatedly acknowledged that my acquirements exceeded

ceeded his expectation ; and as a proof of his good opinion of me, towards the conclusion of my Clerkship, offered me his only daughter in marriage, which I had no inclination then to accept.

About this time, at the age of twenty-one, I came to the possession of an estate of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, left me by an uncle, and having acquired a good character, I was advised to endeavour to improve it by my profession. Being of a pliant disposition, I was obedient to the dictates of my friends, and began business at the inexperienced age of twenty-two years, a stranger to the world. It can be no wonder that a stranger to himself, should soon become the dupe
of

of man's artifice. A law suit in which I precipitately engaged, to redress the grievance of others, without taking the necessary precaution, robbed me of a considerable share of my fortune; to retrieve which I turned my thoughts on matrimony, expecting to find no difficulty in those pursuits. But being in this mistaken, in consequence of my loss of possessions, I began to be indifferent about business, and gave up, in some measure, to the pleasures of youth, which led me into the high road of dissipation. In the first stage of vice, compunction at times caused struggles between the dictates of the opposite temptations; till allured by the seeming pleasures of intemperance, I grew indifferent to those things which lead to substantial pleasure.—One indiscretion, and an honourable

motive

motive which succeeded it, soon made me a husband and a father, without the resolution of abandoning my vicious connections. An increase of children and but little to support them, soon left me almost penniless.—Gambling swept away my house and goods—my false friends deserted me in the hour of distress—pity and relief were no where to be found—a mind upon the rack, and a family without necessities, drove me almost to despair—violence took place of reason—virtue and equity abandoned my tortured soul—and alas, in this miserable situation, I cherished a fatal resolve,—I robbed for want, and Heaven knows—I murdered to conceal the horrid crime——Justice soon overtook me, and I am reserved for a shameful example to mankind.

WELL

WELL my young friend, you seem to chill at the sad tale—I know it affects the heart ;—disguise not the amiable sensation, for the tear of pity bespeaks the soul sorrowing with the woes of others ; it dignifies the man, and does honour to human nature. *We* journey in the road of happiness, and partake of the glorious gifts of nature, and why should we not, at times, descend to the chambers of affliction, that we may learn to value our own existence, and succour the weary traveller laden with human woes ? Indeed we know not but the scene of tranquility which we enjoy at present, may be soon changed from splendour to horror ; for numbers seemingly secure from evils, have

have tasted, in the extreme, the bitter portion of adverse fortune; and how melancholy would be the situation of him, who is capable of reflection on what is past, to be shunn'd by *all* in the keen agonies of woe.

"SIR, your remarks are extremely agreeable to me."——Then I am amply rewarded, and I hope you are prepared to pursue the subject.--"I am, Sir, very desirous,"—Very well, but before we proceed to the next trait, which is also on the subject of extravagance, it may be necessary for the reader to reflect on the distress which the murderer has brought on a once happy family, in hopes of

G rendering

rendering the scenes subsequent to dissipation more detested. And I think the following copy of an affecting paragraph which appeared in a certain provincial print, soon after the horrid deed was perpetrated, will, in some measure, answer this purpose.

C O P Y.

Jan. 14th.

“ On the evening of last saturday, between the hours of nine and ten, as
“ Mr. Pencastle of Playby, was returning from Trestime market, he was attacked near the seven mile stone on the
“ road thither, by a villain, who, not
“ being satisfied with taking from him
“ his

" his purse, robbed him of his life also,
 " by discharging the contents of a pistol
 " at his breast. Some market people,
 " soon after, passing that way, discovered
 " the unfortunate Mr. Pencaſtle in the
 " agonies of death. He lived juſt time
 " enough to inform them that the af-
 " ſaſin's name was Miſſin and ex-
 " pired uttering, " Oh ! my family."
 " The murderer is fortunately appre-
 " hended, and no doubt will ſuffer an
 " ignominious death for his temerity.
 " But alas ! that will be only a compen-
 " ſation for offended laws ; it will be a
 " recompence very inſufficient to a wife
 " and ſix children, for the loſs of an
 " amiable huſband and father, who per-
 " haps

“ haps has left them to suffer an extreme
 “ reverse of fortune under the pointed
 “ stings of indigence.” — — — Un-
 happy family !—Rash murderer !—Pi-
 tiable Mrs. Pencaſtle !—Fatherleſs babes !
 —Afflicted kindred ! ** O vice, deſtructive
 paſſion !—O virtue, amiable con-
 traſt !— — Ponder, gentle reader, and
 then proceed to another view of the ef-
 fects of extravagance which is from
 ſcripture authority. * * * *

* * * *

He began to be in want.

Who began to be in want ?—The
 ſon of a rich man, who heretofore par-
 took

took of abounding plenty. He, alas ! fell from that state of ease, and happiness, and suffered under the cold calls of hunger, unpitied, and unrelieved.

W H A T could be the cause of this great change ?—EXTRAVAGANCE.—
Then let us edify by his sufferings.

W E learn in this instructing parable, from whence the subject of this trait is taken, that an indulgent father had two sons ; the youngest thinking himself perfectly experienced in the intricacies of a chequered world, to manage his share of his parent's possessions, said to his father, "give me the portion of goods that falleth
to.

to me." The fond parent, who was then, we may suppose, approaching toward the verge of life, and willing to oblige a suppliant child, complied with his request. Methinks I see the venerable old man accompanying the bequest with this paternal blessing. "Take it my son, and may God Almighty prosper, and protect you. I have been blest with the precious gifts of heaven, during my existence, and my prayers, for you, shall be earnestly directed to that fountain, from whence the abundant comforts of my life have flowed.—Beware—I am journeying apace to the grave, where I shall cease to succour you with my prayers."

W O U L D

W O U L D the young, who are about to enter upon the cares of this uncertain life, but let example caution, the days of wretchedness, which commonly succeed those lavished by the wanderers in error, would be soon no more, and they would shun the sad fall of this inexperienced youth. For he, like too many of *his* years, who are possessed of sudden riches, let loose wild fancy unrestrained, till a long train of successive desires left him an alien in extreme misery.

T H I N K I N G the well known circle of his native land too little, and too restrained, for the wide purposes of his fanciful imagination, he conveys himself
and

and riches, into a place, where a mind, prepared for pleasure, had been tempted.

HERE the most excessive dissipation was a stranger to the calm reproof of a careful father : for surrounded by every species of luxury, and the harpies attendant on intemperance, he drowned reluctance in the festive bowl. Elated, with the transient joys of false pleasure, he forgot an aged parent, anxious for his safety, and the soft endearments of kindred affection.—Why need I mention a father's love ? Alas ! he forgot himself, till awaked from the shadowy dream, by an horrid picture of WANT.

O !

O! my soul, be thou awake to the sufferings of his unparailelled poverty, while I depict the miserable scene.

D E S E R T E D by his riotous companions, who no longer could be tempted with the intoxicating glare of rich profusion, nor enjoy abounding plenty from his luxurious table ; and at length roused by the pressing calls of nature, he turns as it were to himself, and beholds a lost son of sorrow, without one kind hand of charity to relieve.—Pensive he stands, unknowing whither to guide his unwelcome steps. Will no friendly arm lead the wretched stranger to an hospitable dwelling, and relieve the pressing calls

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of hunger? No, a mighty famine excludes the power of succour.—By long abstinence, his cold unnurtured limbs grow enfeebled, lo! he sinks, upon yon mossy bank, to rest. — — Pityless, and sorrowing, he passeth the lone hour, until the thought of *servitude* raiseth the pale son of folly, from his earthy seat; while the ineffectual tears of sad repentance fall from his watery eyes.

BEHOLD him strengthened by the succouring hope: the benumbed joints grow flexible. He walks towards the village, expecting to find some benevolent master that will accept the tender of his service.—His endearing hope is crown-
ed;—

ed ;—but how are his wants relieved ?—
 He is sent back into the fields to tend a
 herd of swine, where his appetite be-
 comes so pressing, that “ he would fain
 “ fill his belly with the husks that the
 “ swine eat, but no man gives unto
 “ him.”

U N H A P P Y youth ! For this,
 wast thou bred up with all the kind in-
 dulgencies of a parent’s love. For this,
 did thy fond mother’s watchful care attend
 thy infant years, in painful, and pleasing
 obedience to thy alternate grief, and
 joy ?——Alas ! what misery hast thou
 brought upon thyself, by straying from
 the path of rectitude. Thy tender frame
 feels

feels the severity of a cold winter, with only the tattered emblems of what thou hast been, to preserve thy hungry body, from the bleak winds of a frigid season.—What, will no one help thee to the miserable portion of swine, to support thee under the fatigues of hunger?—No, the accidental leavings of a mirey herd is now thy scanty pittance. Where are thy companions who rioted upon thy extravagance? Where are the servile flatterers who deckt thee in the gay trappings of prince-like dress?—Absent, enjoying comforts, in this time of dearth, gathered from thy prodigality.

RETENTIVE memory now calls

to mind the plenty of his father's table.
 "How many hired servants (says he)
 "of my father have bread enough, and
 "to spare, and I perish with hunger.
 "I will return an humble suppliant to
 "that hospitable dwelling, where I shall
 "meet protection and forgiveness, unem-
 "bittered with the stings of unwel-
 "come reproach."

WITH the alluring thought, he
 journeys towards his father's house.

MARK, ye disobedient children, the
 astonishing affection of an injured parent.

HE beheld his long lost son when he
 was

was yet a great way off, the sight of whom called up commiserating pity in his breast. He hastens to meet him with the eagerness of paternal love.—And when within the reach of his fond arms—“he falls on his neck and kindly kisses him.”—Oh ! what obedience doth gratitude require, from children, to such forgiving parents. No wounding reproach is offered ; nought but the tenderest, silent affection, for a time, employs the enraptured parent.

T H E S E undeserved effusions of love, compells the now made sensible son to exclaim, “ Father, I have sinned against
“ heaven—and in thy sight—and am no
“ more

“ more worthy to be called thy son.”—

“ Prodigality hath swept away thy bounteous patrimony, and reduced me to the last stage of want.—Therefore bestow thy beneficent blessings upon a worthier child,—Take me but under thine hospitable roof, an hired servant, and I shall be happy.”—“ Not so my son,” (replies the joyous father)—“ Bring forth the best robe and put it on him : and put a ring on his finger, and shoes on his feet. And bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry ; for this my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost and is found.”

VIEW this wond'rous scene, and
learn

learn the God-like attribute—forgiveness—ye unrelenting fathers : and ye prodigals be instructed, by this humiliated son of self-inflicted misery.

WELL might the parent's arms enclose the long lost child. Well might the silvery locks recline upon the wanderer's neck ; and the lips, long strangers to endearment, soften the rigour of self-conviction by an indulgent kiss. The tedious, the pressing moments of anxiety, for the safety of an absent son, had called up the fine sensations of love and pity, in a parent's breast. He no sooner saw the object of his tender passion, than the remembrance of past errors was hushed in peaceful

peaceful rest. Nought but affection issued from his pardoning breast.

YE wretched wanderers in disobedience, ye wounders of paternal peace, who are squandering those blessings that providence hath poured into the laps of your industrious progenitors; and who are annihilating time, the most precious gift of heaven, in vain pursuits, tendered to fit us for everlasting happiness, leave the path of execrating infamy, and let filial piety be the exorcist of an accursed fiend. Taste the harmonious sweets of dutiful submission to a parent's will; and an obedience to the law of God will succeed, to bless you with the richest gifts of hea-

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ven.

ven. Then no stings of self reproach shall disturb your hours of rest, when death shall, for ever, have removed those honourable instructors from you.—What numbers have condemn'd, in the severest language, their own ingratitude to parents, when alas ! no repentance can call them back from the grave.

S U F F E R therefore a spectator of human evils to exhort those who are desirous to crown the last hours of a parent's care with peace, and to preserve their own breasts from the goading stings of ingratitude, that they reject with magnanimous disdain the first attempts of vice.

Shew

Shew her inglorious supporters the inefficacy of her temptations, and her mischievous allurements will retire abashed at the vain offer. She will present herself in various deluding forms to unripened years, but an early compact with religion will detect the false glare of a detestable deceiver.

BEHOLD but the wide contrast between *Vice* and *Virtue*, and the illustrious glory of this, shall eclipse the tinselled gewgaws of that. If the former be, sometimes, cloathed in the exteriors of pomp and transient joy, yet if you trace her to her destin'd home, you will shudder

der at the horrid gulf, the goal of wickedness. Her passage thither is the thorny road of successive misery, multiplied at every step, till the mind becomes intoxicated with the concomitant train of bewildering intemperance. When she has led her votary to the narrow, dangerous precipice of destruction, the lethargic miserable is roused from his befuddled state, by surrounding danger, and looking from the ticklish summit, timidity becomes his executioner, and hurls him headlong into the craggy regions of *SHAME* and *WANT*.

How different doth virtue treat her
fair followers. She adorns them with
splendid

splendid chastity, and the silvery tints of innocence. She gently leads them, like a fond lover, by the calm hand of rectitude, from every danger. Progressive happiness, of an abounding nature, attend their passage to the seat of endless bliss. And while they enjoy the sweets of innocence, and a mind at rest, they imperceptibly arrive at the resplendant fount of pleasure, from whose source they will enjoy blessings IMMORTAL, and undisturbed by the foul fiends of *Vice*.

C E A S E then to hesitate ye children of inexperience: seize the kind hand stretched to your assistance, and be happy. Look up to RELIGION as a safe conductor

conductor through this slippery life : contemplate, on that glorious fabric which was reared by Infinite Wisdom for your good, and you will anticipate the unbounded happiness of Saints and Angels ! by a life of rectitude and peace.

G E N T L E reader, in this epitome of human woes, these little traits of affliction, although few in comparison of the dire misfortunes our nature is subject to, you cannot fail to discover in them the instability of human happiness, and how much we stand in need of spiritual consolation in those trying moments of our pilgrimage. It would seem, of all men, that the clergy are, in an especial manner,

manner, appointed to becalm the troubled mind! assuage grief, and comfort the afflicted : therefore these words of our Creator,

“ Comfort ye my People,”

MAY be judiciously applied to the pastors of the flock of Christ, of whatever persuasion they may superintend. But in an especial manner, they may be applied, to those who have solemnly, and publicly, taken upon themselves the sacerdotal office, in the established church of England; as they professed, *at the time of their ordination*, to have received an heavenly call to that eminent station.

T H E S E

T H E S E should be ever ready to relieve the sorrowing, and ease the burdened souls.

F O R balmy is the friendly voice of comfort in the sad moments of affliction, and distress, It is the Service of Angels and the WILL of GOD to alleviate in the hour of tribulation. And shall the created of God, whom he hath impressed with his own image, refuse to succour mortals, whom misfortunes have made miserable ? Shall the dispensators of Religion neglect to solace a brother, whom the hard hand of adverse fortune hath depressed, with mournful grief ? Alas ! too common is this dangerous omission :
numbers,

numbers, 'tis to be feared, perish, without the comforting hope of ETERNAL REST. Pitiable indeed, is the soul without comfort at the approach of death, and as much so is the soul of him whom religion has made miserable. Religious woes are the pitiful sorrowings of a dis-tempered brain, distracted, or made gloomy by theological reveries. Strangers to the peace possessed by the sublime and honoured Christian, who lives calmly without the doubtful forebodings of eternity, the wretched traveller, in fear, depresses all around him. Humbled, by his own fantastical conceptions, below the lowest reptile of the creation, he degrades his nature, and his God. He

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wanders

wanders, amid' a thorny path made perplexing by his heated zeal, a tortur'd slave to error.

DESPAIR, thou parent of distress !
Thy rash actions have stained the beauties of this fair Isle : self-murder has long blemished the greatness of a kingdom superlatively blest with the means of happiness. To enumerate the evils attendant on despair, would present a catalogue of woes, too gloomy for the sight of mortals, and ill-suited for reflection.

ENTHUSIASTS, who have wrought up their passions to an intemperate zeal, often become frantic in God's service ;

service ; and when called to the bed of sickness, to administer relief to the soul, where doubts and fears, too commonly, accompany the pangs of dissolution, they hold up an horrid picture of damnation's perdition, amid' the tortures of excruciating pain, or pitiable wretchedness. O JESUS, be thou the physician of my soul in the hour of death : thy soothing call to man is, " Come unto me all ye that
 " are weary and heavy laden, and I will
 " give you rest." Such comfort, such blessedness, become the shepherds of the flock of Christ.

L O V E and pity should prompt the deputies of heaven, to sooth with tenderness

ness the sufferings of mankind; for severity is unamiable, and belongs not to the clerical profession. The people of God deserve and require comfort from their lips; with-hold it not, and Angels shall proclaim the God-like deed in Heaven. Despel the clouds of doubt, from the Gates of Bliss; and shew the unhappy—**FORGIVENESS**—on Heaven's temple, and it shall inspire the sufferers with fortitude, to pass the vale of flesh with innate peace.

O T H E R S in the sacerdotal office show a shameful indifference of religion, by making it subservient to the profits of this life. **Amid'** this numerous tribe
where

where shall we portray from originalty ?
—O, upon yonder rising ground, near
that plain Temple of the Deity ; and
close to that fenced repository of the dead,
lives Vendee ; who although a pluralist,
is a journeyman in his profession. This
travelling priest not gluttoned with the in-
come of two rich livings, has grappled,
besides the duty of his own churches,
those of two neighbouring villages, to
one of which, a worthy young man was
lately curate, but he, unable to maintain
his family for less than forty pounds per
year, left it, Vendee having, secretly, of-
fered the incumbent to perform the duty
for thirty. The villagers lament the
change without a remedy.

T H E

T H E harsh toned bell now summon-
ses these unhappy people to the place of
worship, on Sundays, at a very unsea-
sonable hour; which excludes numbers
from the blest benefit of worshipping their
God in public. Others are offended at
the hasty unintelligent manner of his per-
forming the solemn, the interesting, ser-
vice of his Master, and grow indifferent
of their duty. Some few there are found,
that no imperfections of a man can abate
their ardour, in the cause of religion.
Among these was an elderly gentleman,
who had formerly been Master of an es-
tablished school in that place, but had
retired to enjoy the comforts that his in-
dustry had procured him. He was a man
of

of sound parts, and pure sentiments in religion. He has often mingled amongst his murmuring neighbours, and addressed them with words like the following, "Human perfection is seldom found, and improper men may be ordained into the most holy offices; yet their irregular administration can never stagger the true christian in his heavenly views. Our hope, blessed be God, is not centered in the errors of frail man, but in the perfections of Omnipotence, who will accept the tender of our services, if offered with sincerity.—Shall we desert the Almighty because his servants are imperfect? Shall your children be disobedient because your dependents are not good?

Surely

Surely 'twould be high ingratitude."—
Such persuasive language from so venerable a character; such mild reproof from one revered for his amiable disposition, have influenced numbers to attend, with cheerfulness, the service of the church, notwithstanding the unworthiness of the pastor.

IT is a blessed consolation, that there are some intrusted with the divinity profession, that labour almost incessantly, in the vineyard of peace, who have Christian in all their thoughts.

SUCH an one was Mr. Worthy, the late incumbant of the living whereon
Vendee

Vendee dwells. But alas! he is gone. No more to cheer the drooping peasant amidst his toil and affliction: No more to speak comfort to the mournful widow in the sad hour of deep distress: No more to dispel the gloom of poverty from the helpless orphan: No more to animate industry by example and precept: Lastly: No more to instruct the uninstructed in the pleasing paths of virtue and religion.

HIS death has been severely felt in that once happy village. But how pleasing is the reflection, that he is gone to Heaven: A place of the highest eminence; far beyond mortal description;

I. from

from whence the Almighty bid this fair world arise from a gloomy chaos ; and where he views immensity, the glorious universe, obey his will. Thither have his actions ascended, proclaiming his eternal bliss ; and there will he meet multiplied pleasures, boundless as the power of the Great Jehovah.

O H ! how have the sweet words of comfort descended from his lips, when approaching the awful chambers of affliction, where his duty, and the love he had for mankind, often convey'd him. At his appearance the sufferer hath been seen to vanquish, as it were, the grim tormentor,

mentor, death, when nature was struggling in the arms of the king of Terrors.

A M I D' such sad scenes, he hath entered the gloomy apartment with words like the following, " Pain is an inseparable companion of sin, their existence began together, so will they end; and as long as we remain in the flesh, the utmost stretch of man's power can never separate them.—Reflect on the immaculate Lamb, who patiently bore insult, indignity, and a torturing death, not for his own, but our sins. He endured, that we might copy from his patience, in the alarming hour of separation. *Thy will be done*, were the dutiful words of the spotless

less Jesus. And mayest thou, O! afflicted man, submit to the unchangeable will of heaven, without reluctance, without one earthly wish of stay. The summons is not of an unusual nature; our common parents have paid the solemn debt; and from Adam succeeding generations have fallen without distinction of birth and eminence to the levelling stroke.—So shall our descendants follow in the common path of man.”

“DISPENSE” (said he to neighbour Friendly, who when about to die, was looking very earnestly upon his bosom friend but unable to speak) “those signs of reluctance, that endearing wish. She, who

who awaits with stifled grief, to allay, if possible, your sufferings, will soon follow you through the grave of death, into joys endless and boundless as Omnipotence himself; where no tedious hours, no crosses, shall interrupt eternal happiness, where no second death shall separate alleviating Love."

ONE instance of his friendly aid in the hour of deep felt sorrow, I think will never be removed from my memory, exercised upon our neighbour Pleasant, who died by the fall of his own waggon, about the conclusion of corn harvest; indeed all his unhappy family received suitable consolation from him at that distressing hour.

Mr.

Mr. Pleasant was an industrious young man, married but a few years, and had left him, by an indulgent father, an agreeable estate, which he, by his industry, was improving. He was possessed of a good understanding, which had received the addition of an education, not common with those of his station.

No sooner was the fatal news brought into the village, but its inhabitants ran to meet the unfortunate man, whose countenance was distorted by excruciating pain, from the anguish of his broken limbs. His wife, an amiable woman, met her dying husband at the door of her house, borne by some husbandmen. In
the

the most extreme distress, she threw herself upon the ground in a comfortless agony, exclaiming,—“My happiness is at an end:—death hath seized my fond husband—the unfeeling croud are carrying him to the cold grave,—I will follow.”—Upon this she started up, and entered the room where the expiring man had just been laid upon the bed.

AT this instance Mr. Worthy entered, who having heard the fatal story, hastened to the house of mourning, to administer spiritual consolation, to a dejected, weeping family.

THE distracted wife was the first object

ject of his generous compassion, whom he addressed in these words of soothing grief. "It is a painful task to reprove where an union hath produced such reciprocal affection, that this sorrowful accident now indicates. But my profession calls upon me, *tenderly* to admonish, where excess seems to have vanquished a resignation to the unalterable events of time.—It must be highly pleasing to our Creator when he beholds his creatures calmly submit to the changes of an unsettled world : when he finds reason, the exalted faculty of man, rise superior to misfortunes.—The evils that attend this life of passage, are often the means of our elevation in the abodes of Bliss. They
remove

remove our fond attachment from earthly considerations, to those of a never dying nature, in those blest regions where our afflicted brother shall no more feel the anguish of his lacerated wounds. Cease dear sister, from that extreme grief which hath taken possession of your soul : it borders upon despair, an offence of an unpardonable nature.—View thy patient husband enduring the most torturing pain, with a constancy becoming a follower of Jesus, his Patron and Comforter." Turning towards the bed, as he pronounced the last sentence, he discovered poor Mr. Pleasant labouring with the last pangs of death. Mrs. Pleasant at the sad sight, dropt into a swoon, and was

M instantly

instantly carried from the room. Mr. Worthy then clasped his hands together, and said, in broken accents,—“ My friend, thy existence here, is nearly terminated,—that deep fetch sigh—indicates the approach of death.”——(Here the venerable man let fall the friendly tear) “ Altho’ (continued he, after a pause) my soul for a time was lost in sympathetic silence, yet that pious look towards heaven, my friend, pleasingly calls back my reason to the seat of everlasting happiness, where my sweet fancy sees your soaring soul, enter the empyreal Heaven, amidst, the universal plaudits of Angels.

A F T E R offering up a suitable prayer,
er,

er, just as Mr. Pleasant expired, he went to his widow ; nor did he leave her, till he had brought her to a due obedience of the Almighty's will.

IN this manner did Mr. Worthy live among his flock, cultivating the eminent virtues. He persuaded with an amiableness, at once tender and convincing.—Yon' house, wherein he dwelt, was then the cherisher of impotency ; there the poor suppliant never begg'd in vain ; but now an angry dog answers the beggar with a forbidding snarl.

WITH what peace of mind must such Ministers of the Word of God,
leave

leave these scenes of changeableness, and uncertainty ; in them affliction feels no conscientious stings ; death hath no victory ; and the grave, thro' which nature is ordained to pass, hath no terror. They smile at the uplifted arm of dissolution, cheer'd with the animating prospect of eternal pleasure, introduced with, " Well done thou good and faithful servant, " enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

N O T so with the temerarious Bigot, who hath indulged a frantic mind. in the darkest speculation, till inebriated with frenzy, and regardless of the weakness of human nature, thunders forth the bolts of hell, and destruction, around the circle
of

of his delegated power. The dread of a tyrant god, when death is near, shakes *his* languid frame. He trembles at the fancied prospect of hell's horrid gulf. The blackest fiends painted by conception, torment his affrighted soul, 'till his frantic brain whirls him into the regions of eternal misery.

NOR can the Vendees, shouldered up in riches, possess that serenity which supports the good under tribulation. At the hour of death, injustice fails not to rise before them, in an horrible display of oppression and neglect. The ghosts of their departed flocks, they see, in fancy, laying their vindictive power a barrier to
their

their peace. They shudder at the thought of *judgment*, which to escape, they would give a world. In vain they may call upon the mountains to cover them; they must abide the GRAND TRIBUNAL at the last day, unable to evade its unalterable decree.

How eminently are ye distinguished, in the class of human beings, ye Guardians of our spiritual health: ages remote must enjoy blessedness, or suffer misery from your conduct! Enforce by example, and instruct by precept from the will of God!—Lead us to admire the fabric of an *Heaven-Formed Religion*, that we and our descendants may defend it against
the

the enervating hand of time; while the temples of an heathen world crumble into invisibility; and while your glorious achievements ascend to an eternal THRONE, upon the wings of fame, proclaiming your endless Bliss!

LOVE and FRIENDSHIP

ARE the pleasing themes of youth, but an intercourse with the world, teaches that rare are the sacred ties which bind the human heart. Property, perhaps, is not the least inimical to the sweets of love and friendship, for sometimes, even when the tenderest, the most endearing ties of reciprocal affection prevail between the sexes, an unfeeling parent cold to every

very view but sordid interest, and big with the importance of his riches, labours to remove the noblest passion that nature's God has bestowed on his creatures. When the seeming reasonableness of equality, and the common methods of dividing affection prevail not, *detraction* is often basely substituted; the little frailties of individuals in families are then magnified to create contempt, and too often fatally succeed.

THE wretch who labours by the foul means of detraction to obtain his desires, is the militant enemy to social bliss; the mischief, which often succeed his tales of slander, is of that kind, which may
be

be classed among the greatest evils of our existence. Pitied, but unrelieved the traduced often languishes and sinks beneath the burden of his woes, not knowing the cruel arm which first loaded, and continues to add weight to his oppression.

BEHOLD that child of sorrow's train, deprest and debilitated by grief. What poor remains are those of a once delightful figure, that was a display of nature's superabundant charms. Big with grief, the injur'd maiden bends weeping toward the grave, her last and only remaining hope. Death, the terror of the self-flatterer, she bids welcome to her embraces, as the sure and lasting har-

N binger

binger of rest. The youth, her lover, forced from the object of his affection by an unrelenting parent, no more to return to the arms of love and peace, is an affliction too mighty for the tender bosom of female powers to resist ; it has vanquish'd every endearing hope ; blasted the bloom of beauty, and left fair Juliana to mourn her lover's absence, till her complainings shall be silenced in the cold regions of the grave. Such are the effects of a rash, credulous, and obstinate disposition. His unfeeling father proud of property, vain of family conceived virtues, and flattered by a dependant sycophant, (who is ever ready to feed his vanity, measuring and bringing forth to view,

view, the frailties of his neighbours upon a scale magnified by prejudice and error) was prepared to separate the most heaven formed conceptions. Every seeming defect in the family, from whence his son had selected an intended partner for his future happiness, was multiplied by the triple characters of inclination, power, and malignity; hence he resolved that his son's choice was below the dignity of his connections, and would contaminate the false conceived notions of his blood; therefore he took that fatal step which has at once levelled one almost with the earth, and made the other an unhappy fugitive in distant climes, far from the fair object of his love.

TURNING

T U R N I N G from this page of woe,
we meet another not less pitiable.

W E are, in some measure, prepared for the stroke of death as a certainty at some future period; but when, and in what manner is unknown to human penetration. In like manner when we least expect disappointment it may meet us in a thousand unwelcome shapes, even from that quarter where we think ourselves not only secure from injury, but where we expect protection. Such was the situation of the above unhappy youth. But yonder silent mourner, returning from the grave of his Juliet, an amiable and virtuous female, just turned of nineteen years,

years, is a picture of extreme depression ; deprived of his imaginary prospect of bliss, by the more common cause of endless separation.—See—how often he wipes the pearly tear from the pale cheek of mourning.—His feeble limbs, alas ! scarcely support him under the pressure of his affliction, altho' held up by a sincere friend who endeavours to alluage his grief.—Lo—he stops—and turns towards his Juliet's grave, to bid once more adieu to her remains. Hark—he solemnly articulates — —“ Farewel—fair form—Farewel sweet blossom—Farewel my lovely charmer !— —Alas—my Juliet is no more :—death hath triumphed—and her remains possess the grave.— —

Her

Her beauty, which surpassed, compared with the amiableness of her disposition, was but the pleasing emblem of a mind formed to create happiness — — but no more. I will weep hereafter in the still retreats—the solemn darkness shall alone witness my tears of love. — — While the shriek owl adds horror to the lone churchyard, I will pour forth my complaints in copious streams — — I will there recount her virtues to heighten my affliction—and die upon the grave of all my sorrows. — Alas ! she's gone, my charmer is no more !”

—“ Angels with their silver wings o’er-
shade

“ The ground, now sacred by the re-
liques made.

BUSIED, with the concerns of this life, few of us find leisure, and fewer, perhaps, have inclination to trace the paths of sorrow, either for the purposes of reflection or commiseration. One busy day is succeeded by another in a round of hurry, in which are left very few intervals for the higher and more important concerns of life. But the philosophic mind, being less solicitous about the things of a transitory existence, contemplates on the sublime and beautiful works of nature, then soars above sublunary objects, and at last centers its only prospect of future bliss in the abodes of HEAVEN. In the enjoyment of a blest eternity, neither the languishing
lover

lover nor the deserted friend, shall know no cause of complaint. There the losses and disappointments which depress mortals in their passage thither, shall be done away with all the train of concomitant evils. Those who have felt the weight of affliction, or whose bosoms beat high with pity at the sight of woe, and in the still retreats of retirement commiserate the unfortunate, fore taste the enjoyment of an hereafter, in an uninterrupted round of calm peace.

RETIREMENT! thou blest abode
of the weary traveller in woes, the hermitage of the injured. In thy silent
shades

shades the injured fugitive at length finds rest to his sorrowing soul, and enjoys that serenity which an intercourse with the world forbids.

BENIGNUS, who was ill-suited to dwell amongst deception, began the world with a tolerable good fortune; but being educated under the influence of moral rectitude, and being a punctual observer of the nicest rules of honour, soon became the dupe of man's artifice. This, however, would have been, of itself, insufficient to have stamped what the world calls ruin upon his life, had it not been for the hand of providence that seemed to reserve him for an example of

O human

human virtue to mankind, struggling patiently under an almost unexampled reverse of fortune.

HIS dawn of life seemed to indicate a succession of the happiest days. Blest with a matrimonial connection, which promised years of felicity, perhaps, lulled him into a security which few have reason to expect in this probationary existence. Plenty each day was ushered in with the sweets of returning harmony, and nature seemed to pour forth her copious streams to ~~and~~ his happiness. Anxiety for the succeeding hours was little known in the anticipation of evils. Infants, who shed
their

their pleasing influence into a parent's affectionate bosom, added their encrease of tranquility, to a mind more fitted for a paradise, than a world of solitude and care. Even when treachery, the offspring of evil spirits, began to interrupt that felicity, which was at once the envy and admiration of Benignus's neighbourhood, the base deed met with no contemptuous reproof; it served only to prepare his mind for severer strokes of the worldling's power. One villain succeeded another to impose on a heart too open and too little experienced to withstand the subtle wiles of artful and designing men, long used to the deepest tricks of deception. Repeated losses, sustained
by

by endeavours to extricate the needy from temporary difficulties, assisted to overthrow his round of tranquility. A friend by profession only, whose pretensions were deceit and promises flatulent, who possessed a designing soul masked with the blackest hypocrisy, imposed upon a heart too credulous to withstand the cause of its approaching woe. When it was too late to recall his sincerity and confidence, he detected the deceiver, willing, but unable to cancel the deeds of destruction. Lawdown was the chief of a set of sharpers who lived on plunder, preying upon the credulous. Like the keen sparrow hawk, intent on its harmless prey, it was his business to desery and settle

settle in the neighbourhood of the unsuspecting. The young and inexperienced were the fit objects on whom to exercise their schemes of villainy. The sacred law of religion, the angelic emblem, equity, and the natural compunction of conscience were trodden down by these sharpers, as the only barriers to stop fools from obtaining riches. Benignus, thy unsuspecting heart was sure to fall a sacrifice when within the reach of such vulture's wings.

A neighbouring farmer, who was arrested for a considerable sum of money, applied to Benignus, by the advice of Lawdown, to befriend him. In this perilous

rilous situation the petitioner was successful : he found the hand as ready to relieve, as the heart to dictate ; for instead of the austere gestures of the worldling, who trades in men's poverty and misfortunes, the amiable welcome of benign sincerity met the trembling suppliant, and relieved him from his embarrassment. The flatulent praises of Lawdown, on this occasion, were liberally bestowed on the humane and generous Benignus, which were preparatory to an after game *that* villain had to play. He became the obsequious pretender to every good. He pleased the credulous, and artfully succeeded by his consummate impudence and treachery. A month only intervened
before

before he himself appeared before Benignus, the humble solicitor under circumstances of pretended injustice. His companions arrested *him* for a false debt of one thousand pounds, purposely to defraud Benignus. He flew to the succourer of the distressed, and begged security for the debt, which he solemnly declared should be discharged in less than a week. He pleaded disappointment of money that was due to him, from those whom he had favoured in similar circumstances to his own, as the reason of his insufficiency to pay at that time, and produced bonds' mortgages, and deeds to a considerable amount as a testimony of his sincerity and adequate security. Benignus believed

ed all to be true, complied with the request, and signed the instrument of his ruin. Upon which, Lawdown was to be found no more, the money was demanded, the writings were proved fictitious, Benignus discovered, too late, that he had been tricked; and by the desire of friends refused payment; a law suit was the issue, and it terminated in his loss and ruin. To aid which the farmer whom he first assisted became a bankrupt, the effects of the unfortunate Benignus were siezed on, and the fiends of avarice, Lawdown's companions, and the harpies of the law shared in the general wreck of an honest man's property. Such was the fate of a worthy character,
whose

whose chief delight was in acts of beneficence.

ALTHOUGH the good sometimes suffer in the extreme in this life ; yet they seldom fall without pity. Benignus is an example : although deprived of all his pecuniary possessions was not left friendless in his truly pitiable situation. His neighbours commiserated, and placed him in a small farm which seemed to promise felicity to his family ; but even in this humble situation, struggling with the difficulties of a forbidding station, he suffered in the extreme : In about one year he lost his wife by grief ; his landlord's son debauched his child, and the fiery ele-

P

ments

ments, in the same summer, killed a third of his fattening store. Such a complication of misfortunes seems too mighty for human nature to bear up against; yet, notwithstanding *he* was content with the debilitating powers of adversity.

U N U S E D, and unwilling to pursue the common track of pleading misfortunes to mankind, to obtain their bounty for an existence; and looking upon sublunary things with a truly philosophic mind, he quitted the ways of men, and sought contentment in the sequestered retreats. He there expected to find that consolation which the world, experience had taught him, was unable to afford.

Nor

Nor was he disappointed. His hermitage was his blessing. Religion, there, flowed like the streams of untainted purity : It taught him to look forward towards the peaceful regions of eternity ; the prospect of which, when compared with this fleeting, uncertain, and momentary existence, was found full of consolation, and of that solid sort, which, untainted with the desires of this life, only can afford.

THE Spectator of human woes, kind Reader, could willingly accompany you to Benignus's solitary retreat ; but *he* wishes to remain in his chosen, sequestered hermitage, undisturbed by the visits
of

of mankind. And as nothing in this life should seem to tempt him from his purpose, not even society, that pleasurable good, let us forbear to disturb his meditations. I am in some measure grown familiar to him, from three visits, and the accidental manner in which I first discovered him. Therefore let the following relation of his dwelling, my manner of discovering it, and his mode of living there serve as a substitute.

- . I N following the bent of my inclination, travelling in the road of misery, I one day was led into the rocky forest of Betavin, and meeting with little to amuse, but the stupendous works of nature, in
her

her roughest state, I journeyed into unexplored vallies and mountains, amidst dreary deserts, as it should seem, beyond the track of human knowledge.

TEMERITY, encouraged by the tremendous and awful prospect around me, led me on imprudently beyond my knowledge. I then, like the entrapped fly endeavouring to extricate itself from the subtle spider's web, found my difficulties encrease with my solicitude. At length the evening approached, and I grew weary of traversing from place to place, in vain, *searching for my native home*. Unknowing whither to turn my steps, I began to be exceedingly alarmed.

In

In this awful state, pensive I stood while the sun was reddening the heavens with her declining rays, an only spectator of my distress. I once more endeavoured to explore a pathway, and hastened over craggy rocks, and dangerous precipices, while the little chirps of birds and insects sounded the approach of night, seemingly to heighten an agitated mind of fear. The moon began to faintly glimmer, when my last resolve was to send up my prayers to heaven for protection. Just as I fell upon my knees, on the side of a rock, whose conical summit seemed to touch the firmament, I discovered a small stream of water, cascading from above, which promised some relief to a weary traveller,

whose

whose residence was inhospitable. When I had concluded my address to heaven, I hastened towards the place of succour to allay my thirst; and descending a rugged passage, I was struck motionless: I heard a human voice, from a cavity of the rock, cry out, "Oh God! my God!—Thou hast in store for them "who love Thee—PEACE." For a time I paused in solemn silence; and when I had recovered myself a little, I laid my head upon the rock, and learned that it was a human voice at prayer. I arose, and thanked my God for my seeming deliverance; but even in this sudden transport, fear and joy deprest and elated me
by

by turns. I then descended nearer the voice, and at length had courage to speak thus, "*Ye mortal whos're thou art, pity an helpless, benighted traveller, lost and insupportable through fear.*" This brought an apparent human form from the clefts of the rock, who at the distance of about four paces stood still. We paused, and for a time were both motionless like Hamlet and his Father's Ghost, waiting for each other to break silence; and then continued I, *If thou art mortal speak to me—suspend not a lonely being's mind prepared for earth or eternity at thy will. —* "Who-e'er thou art," (answered he) "away
" with fear of danger, for methinks thy
" plaintive voice would disarm the cruel.

" Tell

"Tell a poor old man, who deals in sincerity, what brought thee hither, into these unfrequented regions."—I answered, *To behold the woes of human nature led me beyond my knowledge, beggared my desires, and made me a wretched petitioner for sustenance and rest.* "This place is unfavourable to thy purposes, but if pity and my little store are what thou needest, thou shalt be welcome to my all. Follow me in hither, I will show thee an habitation of contentment, calculated for life and death, for my dwelling and my grave." I obeyed the kind injunction, and followed him thro' a dark passage into his retreat. I wished for a light, but it was in vain to expect it here.

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However,

However, after giving me some little refreshment, such as I had never before taken, he recommended me to rest till the next day should give us an opportunity for conversation. He then led me to a stony bedstead, covered with moss by his industry. During the night I slept tolerably well, excepting at a few intervals when my deliverer arose to meditation and prayer.

I N the morning, when day-light appeared a little through the cavities of the rock above, we arose, and he led me to the face of day, which I was exceedingly glad to perceive. Here he entertained me with a relation of his life and sufferings,

sufferings, painful to the ear of pity, but perfectly suited to *my* inclinations. I experienced here the vanity of all earthly granduer. I beheld a mind at peace in the humblest residence on earth. I experienced also true friendship, that pleasurable good, where I least expected it. For at a time when misery and death seemed inevitable, the barren rocks sent forth a friendly inhabitant to succour me. Was I relieved that I pitied the afflicted, and shared in the distresses of the unfortunate through inclination? perhaps yes.

LET not then the arm of friendly pity cease to hold out succour to the miserable

ferable partners of our nature. Shun not, ye gay worldlings, the sight of human misery to prevent compassion. To raise the dejected, is an angelic office to delegates on earth; it is the summit of all earthly granduer; it exalts the man above his nature, and makes him the splendid object of esteem in Heaven! —

By this miraculous deliverance, the Spectator of human woe is once more directed into the road of knowledge to behold—Ah!—what are here on whom the indications of woe appear so visible. They should seem by their apparel to be two of the opposite sexes.—The female has a dejected, but venerable appearance,
and

and is about to speak to me, I will approach nearer to them.—“Stop stranger (says she whom I perceive is Britannia) “and read. Read the cause Sir of our “present sufferings,” putting into my hand the following epistle :

His Excellency General Washington,

Tappan, Oct. 1, 1780.

BUOY'D above the terror of death, by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected.

Sympathy

Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency and a military tribunal to adopt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour.

Let me hope, Sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operations of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.

I have the honour to be,

Your Excellency's most obedient,

And most humble servant,

JOHN ANDRE,

Adjutant General to the British Army.

W E L L

WELL madam, and what is the meaning of this request, for I have been some time shut up as it were from the world, in an hermit's sequestered retreat, where the mind has been exercised about objects of a more exalted nature than worldly considerations. But notwithstanding, I am at all times prepared to sympathize with those who pity, for I have long travelled in the road of misery, from inclination more than chance. Unbosom, therefore, thy soul to me, and let me partake, in some measure, if thy woes. "Woes (replies the other in a manly but faltering voice) "such that "this arm should have revenged, but for "the imbecility of age. Believe me Sir,
" for

“ for futurity would scarce credit the as-
“ sertion, that America refused to honour
“ the brave, but unfortunate Andre’s
“ dying request, which you have just
“ read. He was a youth of a bold and
“ enterprising spirit, honoured with the
“ confidence of his Chief—but I will
“ leave this Lady (pointing to Britannia)
“ to record his life and illustrious cha-
“ racter, in the page of history. He
“ was entrusted with the *means* of Peace
“ to Britain, and her rebellious offspring;
“ but failing in the attempt, he was ta-
“ ken and sentenced by a *motley* tribunal
“ of his enemies, to die upon a gibbet !”

“ I am an old man Sir, and was a
“ soldier

“soldier of honour who bled for America
“in her distress. The time has not long
“passed, when fired with her wrongs,
“this kingdom blazed in arms for her
“protection, and I, with numbers of
“generous Britons, left ease and com-
“petence to repel the power of France,
“her then perfidious foe ; but now, in-
“tolerable contrast ! her *great* ally.” —

“RELIGION and liberty Sir, op-
“pose the unnatural league, but alas !
“ingratitude prevails. Are the names of
“Braddock, Howe, and Wolfe forgotten,
“who died for — — lo ! there they
“stand to brand America with injustice.
“See also an host of military worthies at-

R

tend

“tend them, who freely bled for the same
“glorious cause, and who now rise to ani-
“mate my speech. Behold their bleeding
“wounds, streaming, as it were afresh, to
“make even the feeble great, in the cause
“of an injured, brave, and generous nati-
“on. See how silently, but expressive of
“indignation they pass before us, like the
“spirits of the injured, forced from their
“sleep of death, as it should seem, to raise
“the standard of revenge. Oh ! ungrate-
“ful country, how hast thine inhabitants
“been succoured by the softening hands of
“a parent state, now thought too feeble to
“resist thy power. Reflect *America*,
“that the time is but shortly passed,
“since thy hopes of protection, from a
“cruel

“cruel and subtle foe were centered only
“here. Reflect how chearfully we at-
“tended thy call with hosts of Britons,
“competent to the most sanguine wish
“of thy inmost soul. Reflect that con-
“quests the most brilliant the world ever
“saw, were given up to secure thee
“from future danger; and reconsider
“lastly, what has been the return for
“this abundant care? — Name it not —
“It stands upon everlasting record, *as an*
“*eternal memento of ingratitude.*”

SIR, the natural zeal of a soldier's
temper may lead you to censure rather
severely. I trust that there are, in
America, men who, like me, are stran-
gers to ambition and severity.

“Excuse me Sir, if I have said
“too much, it was, that I loved my
“country.”

YOUR age Sir, requires no concessions. I join in pity to the fate of the young hero you lament, and I could have foregone difficulties of a disagreeable nature to have obtained a relaxation of his sentence. — — Madam, what is this which you have just now put into my hands ?

“It is Sir, one of the last pages of
“the British History : the character of
“Major Andie, which I have been pen-
“ning : Give it to the world for we must
“now leave you — farewell.”

C H A R A C T E R.

MAJOR ANDRE was a Briton, born to astonish. His abilities were illustrious even in the youthful walk of life. At an age when nature is only a copy of maturer manners, he thought and acted like a MAN. The army early caught a spirit prepared for enterprise, and America beheld the first and last action of his aspiring soul. Disdaining the littleness which amuses the soldier of dress, his mind soar'd upon the wings of emulation in the firmament of military glory. Willing to obey, and qualified for the most arduous and important purposes, he was honoured with the confidence of his Chief. His rapid advancement

ment to honours was the reward of his unwearied endeavours in the service of his country, aided by the finest mental requisites. When the prospect of felicity dawn'd upon an expiring contest, he was the chosen instrument to end the unnatural war, by a silent, but dangerous effort. But alas, one fatal chance shaded the glorious view : he was taken within the lines of the enemy's camp, and hastened to a merciless tribunal. His firmness in those trying moments, astonished even his judges. He there confessed the manly purposes of his heart, undimay'd at his impending danger. While the awful sentence was pronouncing, he stood undaunted. He asked not for life; he pleaded

pleaded only to die a soldier's death, but was refused. His prayers continued till his last moments for the success of that cause for which he was to die. His magnanimity illum'd that scene which was intended for an ignominious gloom. When he ascended the fatal tree, the obdurate hearts of his enemies were then melting into pity, too late to wrest him from the jaws of death. He died revered by his enemies, beloved by his fellow soldiers, and lamented by his country, and his King. — — — May his hallowed manes rest in peace. May his degrading sufferings humble the ambitious; and may his wrongs obtain from that Power, which alone can give us blessings — an Empire's Peace.

K I N D reader, the Spectator of *human woes* must, for the present, retire from the walks of misery, to wait the issue of that judgment, which will direct his future conduct. If aught in this little volume should amuse the serious Reader, an opportunity may be embraced, hereafter, of renewing the subject.

E R R A T A.

- p.* 28, *l.* 11, *for* stream *r.* storm.
p. 98, *l.* 2, *for* forced, *r.* being forced.
p. 99, *l.* 4, *for* conceptions *r.* connections.
p. 107, *l.* 4, *for* solitude *r.* solicitude.

